The
COMMONWEAL

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Basic Schedule of Rights

THE FULL TEXT of the "Declaration of Human Rights" sent by the NCWC to Mrs. Roosevelt and the UN Committee on Human Rights of which she is chairman is an impressive document. It brings to mind snatches of the encyclicals and Christmas messages of recent Popes, together with principles which have applied down through the ages regardless of forms of government, economies or dominant types of human society. Embodying as it does the impress of the natural law, the experience of Christendom and an acute awareness of the precarious present state of men, this statement constitutes as substantial a single contribution as could be presented to the Human Rights Committee for its consideration.

It is indicative of the almost absolute interdependence of all human beings that so detailed and important a sector of this formulation deals with the rights of States domestically and "in the international community." No longer is it possible to talk about basic human and family rights *in abstracto* without including the rights and duties of States and of groups of States. Cultivating one's own garden or hiding under one's own bed simply will not work. Short-lived Arcadias may bob up here and there but all men and women the world over are in prosperity or want, withering fear or ordered tranquillity, international war or peace together. Will the UN committee take a similarly realistic view of the extent to which nations and groups of nations reach down into every individual home and touch the lives of every single human person?

Aside from this realistic emphasis in the NCWC statement there is little which is startlingly new. The democratic freedoms of worship, press, assembly and *habeas corpus* are all there. And in view of the industrial character of modern society the following rights are added: to work at a living wage, collective bargaining, social security. Educational rights are stressed both for the individual and the family, while the basic right to private property is strictly hedged in by the rights of others and the demands of the general welfare. Assumed throughout is the Catholic contention that the riches of the earth were created for the benefit of all men everywhere.

Although the statement denies what the dictators have said, that the family exists for the State, it recognizes on the other hand that the family "is not independent." The right to adequate housing strikes a poignant note—as does the right to livelihood, even if migration is required.

Among the rights of States are education for citizenship, regulation of internaional economic activities within national borders and resort to special measures in emergencies. The NCWC could hardly be more emphatic in its references to the duty of establishing a genuine international political organization. It upholds the right to national integrity as well as that of redress in case of international grievances and of assistance in securing the fulfillment of treaties. Underlying everything in the international sphere are mutual trust and respect for the plighted word.

The NCWC statement is the nearest possible thing to an official nationwide Catholic statement in these matters. It is difficult to see where any sincere democrat, even if he does not recognize the natural law which constitutes its foundation, can take umbrage at many of the rights outlined in this list. Certain people may ask what is meant in actual practice by the family's "right to protection against immoral conditions in the community." Others in their present state of mind simply cannot believe that anything good can come out of Nazareth. Finally the tragic charge that Christians do not live up to the principles they profess will cite as proof corrupt city machines, the repressions of "Catholic" political dictators and the low civic level in certain Latin countries. An effective direct attack on the NCWC principles themselves, however, seems unlikely.

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U. S. Obligations in China

FOR ONE REASON or another nearly everyone seems pleased with Secretary Marshall's decision—on behalf of the United States—to leave China, for the moment, to the Chinese. Some like the idea because, they say, it will snap Chiang Kai-shek out of his reactionary ways and force him, if he cares for our friendship, to include in his government a convincing number of liberals—a rather vague, high-minded group that is said to be idling about, powerless and unheralded, in a blameless political atmosphere that lies somewhere between Chiang and the communists. To others, our withdrawal represents a correct development in our China policy; that is, Secretary Marshall hinted at the change several weeks ago, and now he has brought it about. More sensitive people feel that the change may win us a certain amount of temporary popularity in Moscow. Still others are for it because they have confidence in Secretary Marshall who, after all, just returned from China and should know what's wrong out there.

Up to a point we feel the same way. We like Secretary Marshall too. Always have. And it is sensible to believe, since the Secretary and other recent China travelers have told us so, that people who might be called Chinese liberals do exist and should be allowed to have a show. But this logical development of our China policy business does not sound quite so reasonable. And the task of retaining first place in the hearts of our recent allies in Moscow has always been so discouraging an effort that what the United States does or does not do in China should not have a lasting effect on our popularity with the Soviets. On the other hand, probably only ex-Ambassador Hurley believes that an entire graduating class from one of the more popular Soviet foreign agent schools will be assigned to field duty in China as soon as the last United States Marine is piped aboard a transport. Nevertheless, it seems reasonable to stand with the British Foreign Office in this matter. In spite of the many fine things that have been said about it, the United States withdrawal from China seems, as the Foreign Office has put it, regrettable.

Secretary Marshall's year of patient labor in China obviously did not bring the Chinese to their democratic senses, but his presence out there seems, at least, to have restrained the war between Chiang Kai-shek and his opponents. In modern politics that is quite an accomplishment. But now that Secretary Marshall has gone, and his aides are on their way, the civil war is already building up, just as old China hands said it would. It may be that Secretary Marshall intends to draw away from China only temporarily, in order to get a long-range, unobstructed view of the problem, before rushing back with even greater effect. In the meantime, however, an impressive number of Chinese will certainly lose their lives; more than would have died if we had stayed on. That sort of thinking leads, of course, to the conclusion that this country has a moral obligation to remain in China. There is always the point, too, that by the time our State Department returns for another effort the China problem may be greater and more disorderly than it is at the moment. Secretary Marshall may have private reasons for overlooking these possibilities, but judged on the basis of public knowledge of the situation his China decision does not seem to be the stuff that a consistent foreign policy is made of.

Old Times

A PLEASANT SPELL of world news came to dreary end a few days ago when Professor J. Robert Oppenheimer, a physicist, rose to address the closing session of the American Physical Society at Columbia University. The professor announced that he had come upon something called neutral meson, a discovery which apparently means the end of a long and popular run for the old Hiroshima-type atom and gives Professor Oppenheimer a clear lead in the scientific cross-country that is supposed to pull up, eventually, at the within-the-within. Before the Professor delivered his paper, however, we had been passing through a relatively quiet, non-fission week, rich in the kind of news that entranced the public in the days when Professor Oppenheimer probably wasn't much more than an instructor. First of all, Herbert Hoover stopped off in Washington, passed a few friendly moments with Secretary Marshall, gathered a band of associates about him, and was away on one more Hoover food survey—of Germany and Austria this time. Within a few hours, one way or the other, of Mr. Hoover's passage through Washington, Admiral Byrd, no longer able to restrain himself (according to a new broadcast), roared off the deck of an aircraft carrier and flew to join his men on the Antarctic ice pack. "It's good to be back," the Admiral shouted to a shivering newspaper correspondent, barely able to make himself understood above the thunder of aircraft engines and the whine of the polar wind. The correspondent flashed the quotation to the world and for a moment it seemed just like old times, when the Admiral, attended by a sporting boy scout or so, traveled to the poles more or less for the fun of it. Sometime later, when reports of trouble in Nicaragua began to come in, the illusion was almost complete. In fact, until Professor Oppenheimer spoke up we had been hoping for a few reassuring words from General Smedley Butler.

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Controlling Atom Bombs

AS the UN Security Council committee designated to draw up joint resolutions on control of atomic energy and armaments generally went into session, the respective attitudes of Russia and the United States remained much as they were when we discussed the matter in these columns four months ago. In the interval there have been scattered proposals and developments but the basic differences of viewpoint remain. Russia wants atomic bomb control lodged directly in the hands of the UN Security Council itself, with veto power retained in the hands of each of the Big Five Powers. The United States follows the line of the report of David Lilienthal, now up for confirmation by the Senate as chairman of the National Atomic Energy Commission. This calls for the creation of an international atomic energy authority which would control all fissionable materials at their source (demonstrably the only practicable way). Thus far Russia has refused to cede any of her sovereignty to an international authority with powers of effective control—including freedom of inspection.

As the Russians and the Americans square off for the formal contest over atomic control in the UN, disturbing rumors appear. Foremost is the statement by Bernard M. Baruch that Russian delegates to the United Nations have been talking about atomic matters in such terms as to indicate that some of the secret has leaked out. Whether their assertions and their questions "unwittingly" or purposefully gave this impression or whether they embody an empty bluff, they do serve one all-important function. It is to remind everyone that monopoly of A-bomb production is inevitably short-lived. American scientists have recently testified that now so much is known about manufacture of these weapons it is no longer necessary to have two billion dollar appropriations or plants of the hugeness and complexity of Oak Ridge. There is also the possibility that extremely simple new methods of releasing atomic energy may be discovered. Other scientists are talking about new bombs several hundred times more destructive than those which the United States introduced into modern warfare. Could the urgency for setting up effective international controls over all concerned be plainer?

Blame has been thrown at many heads for the atomic "leak." Mr. Baruch and Mr. Lilienthal deplore the release of our official Smyth atomic energy report. Others point to the Russian spy ring apprehended belatedly in Canada and try to pin laxity on Canadian officials generally. The grim nature of this business is indicated in the Canadian rejoinder which cites the thorough checking of each of the 3,000 workers in the Chalk River plant. "They live behind barbed wire and their lives and contacts when they leave the plant are fully accounted for." That the Russians should seek by every means—including the use of proficient German scientists—to find out how to make their own A-bombs can hardly be surprising. Even a big nation concerned only for her own self-defense and intent on peace would make a similar effort. For the world certainly has not yet reached the point where sheer power does not, in the last analysis, carry the day.

There is no blinking the fact that Russia and the United States are currently engaged in a suicidal armament race. America's initial and ultimate advantages plus the aggressiveness and untrustworthiness of Soviet policy do not make that right. The United States has the primary responsibility because of Hiroshima and Nagasaki—a step deliberately taken. She should press forward to follow up her original initiative in setting up airtight atomic energy control. Such a course has no relation to appeasement; if it is not followed through to an acceptable conclusion no man's skin is safe.

Pictures and Reason

IF IT WERE in a city the truck would be backed up against the sidewalk dumping coal down a chute into the cellar—and there is a man sitting on the back of the truck with a shovel edging the coal out of the corners—but the truck in this picture is on a plain in North Dakota. It is dumping potatoes all over a field. The field looks like a very big field; the field looks like the photograph of a desert with white sand dunes in the distance. The truck is dumping potatoes in order to fertilize the field, or the desert, or whatever it is in North Dakota. When you dump coal down a chute the sound is like that of the sea withdrawing from a Dover beach but, whatever potatoes sound like when they are dumped for fertilizer in North Dakota, it would not be as beautiful a sound as were they being dumped somewhere else for people to eat who are hungry.

That is the way you might have started to write about it a little while ago when the war was still on, or just over, and there were still the relief committees for this country or that country, the posters with the children in the bombed areas holding out their hands, the ruins everywhere. In America we felt uncomfortable about not having any ruins and the only people who were hungry here were the people who are always hungry here, so that all you had to do when you wanted people to send packages to Europe, or write to their congressman, was to tell a little story about the food we were throwing into the garbage can and people readily would see the point. During

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the war there was no question about feeding the Germans, so that any food that went anywhere would be always for some noble ally who would help us win the war, or for some noble nation regrettably prostrate, and, if any food happened to fall into the hands, and thence into the stomachs, of neutrals, we could always see some diplomatic advantage even in that. When the war ended and UNRRA went to work its relief work seemed to everyone a natural part of the peace; it seemed a way to make peace look more like the peace there was before the war. There was this cessation of war but, with the sudden silence of the guns, we heard the cries of hunger; there seemed no excuse for their deafening us to the other sounds which are habitual to peace.

So that, with everyone's approval and encouragement, UNRRA set out to feed the world. After a while there was no more UNRRA.

Instead of UNRRA there is an immense, a protracted, a technical, a political, a humanitarian discussion—a confused and confusing discussion. There does not seem much use in talking any longer about the potatoes dumped in North Dakota or about who is hungry where. It appears that people are hungry in Portugal, where they were never hungry during the war, and in Switzerland, where everybody was supposed to be having a wonderful time with the money that the Germans sent there, the fascists and the French—and with all the cows they keep in their mountains and the cheese they make with the milk. It appears that people are hungry even in countries where they have money and tourists, and kept out of the war. There is no use being sentimental about the Swiss and the Portuguese, who can pay, but there is no use being sentimental about the Poles who cannot pay or about the Greeks. There is no use being sentimental about the destitute and the starving anywhere.

Because it is very probable that people in America prefer now to be sentimental about the book of the month.

You could ask Americans to look again at all those other books, the books of photographs they bought in which they saw how the Germans had made starved bodies—the children with thin legs and the belly sticking out—in the countries they enslaved. Bodies like those are still in Europe; the same pictures will do. But now they show new children, born in peace. Some of them now are even German children. Or they are Austrian, Hungarian, Italian, Polish or Yugoslav. Or they are Chinese. If you are tired of any name that has been in the war, some of them are Indians. But they all look alike, and there is no use asking people to look at their pictures any more. It is even dangerous to ask people to look at them because people will begin to think that this is the way children look habitually, normally, everywhere except in the United States. People will think that starving children are just another kind of children who protrude abnormally in front, just as the children of the African bushmen protrude behind.

Sentiment is exhausted. We are tired, we no longer care. And if tired of the pictures of suffering, we are even more tired of the statistics of suffering, the calories and the vitamins, per Athenian mouth per day, per Zagreb pregnant mother per week, and tired also of the statistics of relief, the three billions, the hundred millions—and also, surely, of the politics of hunger.

Curiously, all that remains is cold reason and government. Reasonably we desire peace and we know what we mean by peace. We know that the kind of peace we want is not possible to maintain against the pressure of despairing peoples. It can be destroyed by the pressure of the weak. The homeless, the hungry, the desperate threaten it more than do the strong and the confident. That is what we have told our government; it is the primary mandate we have given our government: to create the peaceful world we want. So that it is for government, the technicians of government, to organize the statistics, the money, the trains, the ships, in order to bring food to the starving, the peace we insist on to the world.

C. G. PAULDING.

Humility

Humility is to be still
Under the weathers of God's Will.

It is to have no hurt surprise
When morning's ruddy promise dies,

When wind and drought destroy, or sweet
Spring rains apostatize in sleet,

Or when the mind and month remark
A superfluity of dark.

It is to have no troubled care
For human weathers anywhere.

And yet it is to take the good
With the warm hands of gratitude.

Humility is to have place
Deep in the secret of God's Face

Where one can know, past all surmise,
That God's great Will alone is wise,

Where one is loved, where one can trust
A strength not circumscribed by dust.

It is to have a place to hide
When all is hurricane outside.

JESSICA POWERS.

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Britain and Palestine

J. L. Benvenisti

THERE HAS JUST been published in this country a sixpenny pamphlet entitled "Our Goal Was Palestine." The author is Claire Neikind, Rome correspondent of the Overseas News Agency. Claire Neikind describes how she disguised herself and made the ten-day voyage on an illegal immigrant ship from Italy to Palestine, and how the ship, a vessel of 650 tons with over a thousand refugees packed into it, was intercepted off the coast of Palestine and after a fight captured by the British.

The story is not pretty reading, though I have no reason whatever to doubt its accuracy. The refugees, who were ultimately taken to Cyprus, were transferred after capture to another vessel, where great suffering was caused by an insufficient supply of food and, in particular, of water. Further, though there was no deliberate brutality, the attitude of the British troops seems throughout to have been hostile and rough, due, no doubt, to the fact that the men were doing a job which they detested. All this is bad enough, and when one remembers that the poor wretches on that ship had the blue tattooed numbers of Dachau, Auschwitz and Buchenwald still on their arms and yet were now again trapped back into what was, despite the absence of gas and torture chambers, another prison camp, one's heart grows sick with pity and shame.

No, these things are not pretty to read about, and an increasing number of British people are wishing very heartily (and none more heartily than the soldiers on the spot) that their country were not mixed up in such a business, and are asking with increasing persistence how it came to be placed in this abominable position.

Yet the motives behind British policy are not disreputable. Britain is determined to halt Jewish mass immigration because she conceives this to be her duty under the terms of the mandate. The mandate lays it down that the mandatory power, besides safeguarding the civil and religious rights of all the inhabitants, must place the country under such political, administrative and economic conditions as will secure the development of self-governing institutions. In the British view the continuance of large-scale immigration is tending to create political tensions of such strength that the establishment of self-governing institutions would become permanently impossible. This view is not shared by everybody. It is nevertheless a view an intelligent person can hold.

The enemies of Britain of course say that her policy springs from a mixture of anti-Semitism and power politics, and anti-Semitism undoubtedly exists in Britain as it does everywhere else. It is, alas, a worldwide phenomenon and the murder of British soldiers by Jewish terrorists hardly tends to diminish it. Yet the higher administrative ranks are, I think, not only free from it, but are in the main very sympathetic to Jewry and, within the limits of official policy, to Jewish aspirations.

As to power politics, I can only say that this consideration does not seem to me to weigh with those officials who have discussed the matter with me. I remember in particular a talk I had with a gentleman at the Colonial Office of whom I asked whether the goodwill of the Arab world was, from the power politics point of view, really such an important consideration as some people made out. To this he replied, a little testily, that Britain was not concerned with power politics but with her duty under the mandate, and the way British bureaucracy seems to feel about it is, after all, a pretty good indication of what is felt at Cabinet level.

All this seems to strike a curiously un-Machiavellian note that stands in marked contrast to the kind of cynical scheming on which Britain is popularly supposed to be engaged. I am, of course, simply offering my impressions, because at the moment, and particularly where it is a matter of analyzing motive, neither I nor anybody else can offer anything better, but my feeling is that the worst with which the British could be charged, with any semblance of justice, even by the most hostile critic, is a sort of doctrinaire but essentially honest pigheadedness—though personally I do not believe that there is any ground for such an accusation.

Needless to say, the Jews have their own view of the matter. They claim that they have a right not only to go to Palestine in any numbers they please, but to turn Palestine into a full-blooded Jewish state. They base this right on the promise contained in the Balfour Declaration of 1917 that Britain would favor a "National Home" for the Jews (a promise which was embodied in the mandate) and on the declaration of the statesmen responsible for the framing of the mandate that this somewhat nebulous conception of a National Home implied the creation of a Jewish state, or was at any rate intended to give the Jews an op-

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portunity of creating such a state. They claim that sovereignty over this territory of Palestine was ceded to the League by Turkey, the original sovereign, and that the League holds it in trust for the Ultimate sovereign (by the mandate's implication, the Jews themselves). They further claim that the original inhabitants, being not juridically a people but only a fragment of a people, have no right to self-determination and that they have no claim to a sovereignty which, unlike the Jews, they never enjoyed.

One is rather inclined to say that if this is the position in international law, which, for aught I know, it may be, then so much the worse for international law.* But the world is likely to judge this matter on other than purely legalistic grounds, and it is far from my intention to suggest that on these other grounds the Jews lack a formidable case.

It is, for instance, impossible to blind oneself to the staggering quality of the Jewish achievement in Palestine. The Zionists have taken a country that was half-way to becoming a desert and have covered it with thriving villages and townships, they have created industries, they have reclaimed swamps and turned them into vineyards, they have stamped out diseases and made life more abundant and secure not only for themselves but also for the Arab population, whose numbers have been steadily increasing over the past twenty-five years.

All this, in the minds of many, will in itself help to establish a kind of title, nor does the absorptive capacity of Palestine as yet set any limit to the expansion of this activity. If you are interested in this latter aspect of the matter, I strongly recommend you to get hold of Mr. Walter Clay Lowdermilk's "Palestine—Land of Promise." Mr. Lowdermilk, who, by the way, is not a Jew, is Head of the United States Soil Conservation Service, and shows pretty convincingly to my mind that Palestine, if the job were scientifically tackled, could support nearly treble its present population. And that is not really such a very surprising conclusion, since we know from the ruins of thousands of villages, aqueducts and other works, that by a system of intensive irrigation Palestine even in biblical times supported a population not very far short of Mr. Lowdermilk's estimate.

There is, in fact, only one thing to be said against the continuance of Jewish immigration, namely that the local inhabitants do not want it because they are terrified of a situation in which power would have passed to a people alien to themselves. Nobody can, of course, say in what numbers and with what intensity the Arabs feel this way, and the Jews say, with some measure of justice, that the anti-Jewish agitation is artificially fanned from outside Palestine by the reactionary Effendi class who fear any raising of the poorer Arab's cultural and economic status. Yet when all is said and done, a substantial residuum of genuine feeling remains, and the British are not basing their policy on a pure fake.

In the last resort, therefore, the British, whether right or wrong, are not taking their stand on grounds that are wholly discreditable. They are, or at least they believe themselves to be, defending certain elementary rights of a weak and backward people and endeavoring to prevent the otherwise inevitable swamping of that people by another people which is culturally and materially better equipped, and they are doing this because they believe it to be enjoined on them by a sacred trust which they have undertaken.

I have said that the Jews are running their heads into this brick wall because they believe they are being denied their rights, yet even this does not wholly explain their intransigeance and their complete unwillingness to bargain or compromise. That can only be explained by the fact that the Jews are being driven by the fanaticism of despair—indeed, most of the people on board Claire Neikind's ship strike one as being no longer wholly sane—and the despair is due to their growing conviction that wherever they go, whatever they do, the curse of anti-Semitism will follow them, and that they will only escape it if they possess a country that is truly their own. They believe that there is nothing else that they can do about it.

That is the crux of the whole matter, and personally I know nothing more terrible (indeed, there are times when I think it more terrible than the gas chambers of Auschwitz) than this growing certainty among the Jews that they are a people under a curse.

*

Now, this is not a diatribe against anti-Semitism. I know very well that the utterance of a few pious platitudes will not cause anti-Semitism to vanish out of existence. It is too solid a fact. But that does not affect the question of its guilt, and if I have no remedy for the Palestine problem, I am determined to see the guilt assigned where it belongs, and the guilt belongs not to Britain but to the world. "I believe that the fundamental cause of anti-Semitism is that the Jews exist," wrote Dr. Weizmann in a recent article. Is it a purely British responsibility that a Jew should be driven to write like this?

This is not a matter of any country's readiness

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*I trust that within the limits of my space, I have given a fair summary of the legal argument. Readers who wish to see a long and very able exposition of it are referred to "Palestine in the Light of International Law," by Ernst Frankenstein, published by The Narod Press, which can no doubt be obtained from Zionist Organizations in New York.

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or unreadiness to accept an increased quota of Jewish immigrants. It is not a question of legislation, but of atmosphere and mental attitudes. Do not think that it is the memory of the concentration camps alone that is driving the Jews to Palestine, for these might, after all, have been the product of a single maniac mind. The concentration camps are merely the culminating point of a long progressive process of which the Jews only too well discern the continuity.

In the article from which I have already quoted, in which he shows how in country after country the same tragic fate has overtaken this race, developing itself slowly and from almost imperceptible beginnings, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, referring to the Jews of Britain and America, writes as follows: "As education and prosperity come to the ex-immigrants, so a sort of symbiosis is being established between this group and the dominant nation, the English or the Americans. In other countries, in Germany, in Czarist Russia, in Poland, this symbiosis has usually led to 'unpleasant' results, to err on the side of understatement. I hope that this will not be the case in the Anglo-Saxon countries. . . . In fact, I somehow think that the Anglo-Saxon countries may be immune from it. But this may be a pious wish, and if you look at certain signs in Canada, South Africa, even Great Britain, even America, you sometimes lose your freedom from fear."

Is it surprising, seeing that he feels these things in his bones, that the Jew should have what is in many people's opinion, an abnormal sensitivity in these matters? I remember how before and during the war, when Jewish men, women and children were being hounded, tortured and murdered, one could hear in certain quarters from time to time a sort of whispered snickering going on. I have heard this kind of thing from Catholics, among others, and from sincere and devout Catholics at that, from men who would themselves be quite incapable of any act of cruelty towards a fellow-creature, and who, in a few instances, have shown conspicuous kindness to individual Jewish refugees. Such people, of course, mean no harm by their remarks, but these are the expressions of an attitude. Of that attitude the Jew is instinctively conscious, and when he feels it, his heart, stored, as it is, with dim and dreadful memories, becomes as a stone within his breast.

Will this fearful dilemma of Palestine ever be resolved? At the moment the prospects are not happy. A scheme of partition is being advocated, but seems at this writing unlikely to prove acceptable. Meanwhile, if I may apply a pregnant colloquialism to a situation so charged with blood and tears, Britain is holding the baby, nor should it in any wise be forgotten that half a million Jews have entered Palestine under her protection. May I therefore ask those who are now disposed to criticize her to search their own hearts, and ask whether by word or deed they themselves have never laid the scourge upon the back of Israel and thus made themselves part authors of her difficulties.

Arctic Alaska

Walter J. Marx

IN MY OPENING article on Alaska I attempted to give some sort of a general survey of the territory. As I pointed out, there are really three Alaskas, so in writing or talking about Alaska it is important to specify which Alaska one has in mind. In this second article it is my intention to describe life in the northern or arctic section as I knew it when a boy, and then discuss some of the changes that have taken place with the years.

Using the Yukon River as a rough dividing line, one sees that most of the inhabited portion of Arctic Alaska is contained in the Second Judicial Division to the West. A large portion of the Fourth Judicial Division is also contained in what is known as the Arctic Slope, but this area north of the Yukon and running over to the Canadian border is largely uninhabited and unexplored. The census of 1930 lists a total of 10,127 persons living in the Second, or populous Division, 8,686 natives (largely Eskimos), and only 1,427 white persons. The population has grown since 1930, of course, and the 1940 census gives Nome, the metropolis of Arctic Alaska, a population of 1,559. It should be pointed out that Nome is the only "city" in this vast northern half of Alaska.

When most people speak of Alaska they have in mind this northern region. This is where one finds the bulk of the Eskimo population of the territory. If you travel far enough into the arctic region you will doubtless find the snow houses once pictured in geography books, being used, however, not for regular living but primarily by hunters away from home. Although this is my part of Alaska, my birth-place and my home until I was seventeen, I have never seen a snow house.

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Years later, when the motion picture "Eskimo" was produced in my home town of Teller, about ninety miles north of Nome on Port Clarence Bay, my mother wrote that the directors of the film had to teach the local Eskimos how to make the snow houses needed for the motion picture.

This whole area of Alaska had but one reason for its original settlement: the discovery of gold on the beach sands at Nome. Steamship companies, out for quick profits, exaggerated the dimensions of the strike and dumped thousands of persons upon the beaches of this barren land. Many had spent their last dollar for their passage. There was no shelter other than tents and, before long, disease and hunger forced the Government to ship many back to the United States. It was absurdly easy getting gold from the sand. All one needed was a crude rocker. The sand was shoveled in, the waves of Bering Sea washed away the sand, leaving the gold caught in heavy riffles at the bottom of the box. One then lifted out the grating and scooped up the gold into a sack. Unfortunately, the beach sands were soon worked out and later strikes made along prehistoric beach lines in successive waves into the interior were less spectacular.

The miners brought in their wake merchants, fur traders and many lawyers of the worst shyster type, some of whom are vividly portrayed in Rex Beach's "The Spoilers." Rex Beach was in Alaska in these early days and is remembered by my mother, who came to Nome in 1900. The coast of northern Alaska was already known to fur traders who had learned of the fur wealth of this portion of the world from the early whaling ships which risked sailing into the Arctic ice long before gold was discovered.

Inevitably, the receding of the gold rush left northern Alaska with a declining population. Entire villages were deserted. Other villages became largely ghost towns but, as small trading centers, managed to carry on a precarious existence. Nome had crowded itself onto the beach sand and had built wooden sidewalks and a planked main street. Just off the beach the sand changed into a bottomless sort of mud. Efforts at road building simply melted more of the frozen ground so that constant filling was necessary. An aerial map of Nome gives one a ridiculous picture of houses huddling along the sea with unlimited vacant land between the town and the foothills miles away. This hugging of the sea has been fatal to Nome's business district at various times in the history of the town. I recall, as a boy the great storm of 1913 when the waves smashed in the whole sea side of Main Street. Only this winter another disastrous storm again smashed many of the buildings on the sea side, in spite of tremendous bulkheads built after 1913.

Students of urban development will find that almost none of their theories fit the founding of Nome. Except for the discovery of gold at that location, there is no excuse whatever for a city at that particular spot on Seward Peninsula. First of all there is no harbor at Nome. At tremendous expense the Federal Government has dredged out a small boat harbor in the Snake River, but the ocean storms repeatedly throw a sand bar across the mouth of the river. My father once swamped trying to cross the bar there with a load of flour and sugar in a forty-five foot cabin cruiser bound for Teller. He saved the boat but his cargo was almost a total loss. Boats waiting to unload freight and passengers lie well off the open shore and everything must be taken to shore on lighters. Storms frequently force vessels, often with a full load of passengers, to take shelter behind barren Sledge Island twenty miles away, often for a week at a time.

Of course, being the metropolis of this region, Nome attracts trade and visitors from the entire northern section of the Territory.

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How does one make a living in this part of Alaska? Perhaps the easiest way to explain is simply to outline my personal experience as a boy and my first contacts with the economy of the region. Mining was and is the main industry. Unfortunately, the little man is finding it more and more difficult to make a living mining in the traditional way. Mining around Nome is now really big business. Huge electric dredges costing over a quarter of a million dollars before current inflated prices are now operating around Nome on fields supposedly worked out years ago.

My father was not a miner, although like most men in Nome in the early days he staked a claim which never developed any gold. He came to Nome with one of the big trading companies and during my boyhood in Nome he continued to work for one of the local merchants. We owned a two-family frame house built on huge timbers sixteen inches square to keep the house from sinking into the mud. We rented the upstairs to the town jeweler and watch repairman. Among our friends were the cashier of the local bank, a lawyer or two, the Jesuit fathers of St. Joseph's Church, and several miners who lived nearby. Across the street was the town's main stable and as a small boy I learned to know many of the teamsters who were a rough-and-ready lot. I can recall my father taking his bull whip used for his dogs and threatening to whip a teamster who was beating his horses with a heavy shovel because they were stuck in a snowdrift.

We had a dog team that was sheer luxury, but it was my father's pride. It was a racing team and he took part in the local races although I do

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not recall that he ever came in first. A major tragedy finally wiped out this fine team. Someone fed all the dogs strychnine and in spite of my father's efforts they all died. Indicative of life in those days in Nome, my father's friends wanted to hang the man supposedly responsible for the deed, but my father had no real proof and did not want to hang an innocent man.

A great event came in our lives when I was around ten. My father had always hated indoor life, especially clerking in a store, so he changed jobs and became the superintendent of a large reindeer herd owned by a white company in the Teller region. My father was also appointed United States Commissioner for the Port Clarence District with headquarters at Teller. He served as a judge, coroner and general representative of the Government in that region. His income depended, however, on rather scanty recording fees and on his salary as a reindeer superintendent. After a year away from home my father sent for us and all of our possessions.

Friends helped us pack and when we were ready to embark on the small schooner, "Silver Wave," the sea was so rough that our piano was dipped into the water twice by the rocking boat before it could be secured on board. Teller we found to be one of the most attractive small commmunities in Alaska, built on solid sand and gravel, with the main houses facing Grantley Harbor which was about six miles wide. One side of the town rested across the spit on Port Clarence Bay, extending fifteen miles to Point Spencer where the army maintained a weather station during the war. There was a delightful lagoon in back of the town connected with a lake about a mile long.

There were two general stores in town and the population consisted of the store-keepers, a family of husky Norwegian miners whose claim was about six miles from town on Coyote Creek, three large half-breed families which contributed almost the entire attendance at the territorial school, an old bachelor professing to be a carpenter, and two or three Eskimo families. In the summer there was the manager of the local lighterage company, his engineer and various other summer people, most of them concerned with mining or fishing. Obviously, the economy of Teller was based primarily on the hinterland, on the furs brought down from Cape Prince of Wales, an Eskimo village on the point of land nearest to Siberia, seventy miles from Teller, or from Shishmaref even farther away, or on gold brought in from placer miners on Gold Run twenty miles away or from the American River, the Agiapuk River, Sunset Creek across the harbor, and a few more.

The white fathers of the three half-breed families made a precarious living fishing, hunting and trapping with the main emphasis on fishing. For some years they were able to make a certain cash income by salting salmon in barrels for sale in the States. Other fish were dried for dog feed. There was always a market for dried salmon of good quality with the large boats of the Hudson Bay Company heading north around the Arctic to Coronation Gulf. Independent traders on small or large boats also bought salmon for use in trading along the coast. But the greedy fishing in southern Alaska by the big companies eventually killed this source of income and when at fifteen I tried to become a fisherman I never caught enough salmon to make it worth while. Long gill nets were used, but in three nets, each a hundred feet long, I rarely caught over fifty salmon a day.

Fur-trapping was the main industry of the Eskimo of the region. Fishing and hunting were constant activities but were for subsistence rather than for sale. It was white and red fox skins that procured them the white man's flour and sugar and occasional implements such as antique outboard motors or an old whale-boat. The old carpenter in town made a most precarious living by doing a little trapping, shooting rabbits for food and making a few dollars in summer by working for the Lighterage Company at odd carpenter jobs or for one of the mining outfits passing through Teller on their way inland over the series of inland waterways that connected Teller with the Kougarok. He lived in a little sod house, used drift-wood for fuel and lived as cheaply as possible. He kept cutting down his yearly expenses and the last I heard he was living on about two hundred and fifty dollars a year.

Most of the Eskimos in nearby villages owned reindeer in varying numbers, but these had almost no cash value. They were useful primarily for food and clothing. The company for which my father worked allowed the Eskimos three dollars a head for reindeer when assessing their herd fees of a dollar a year per reindeer. Thus if an Eskimo's reindeer ran with the big white man's herd for three years he lost ownership of them.

There was no water at Teller fit for drinking so in the winter we melted snow or hauled fresh ice from a creek over two miles away and in summer we used rain water or carried water in barrels in a row boat from the creek. Coal was around forty dollars a ton so we used as much driftwood as possible, although one had to go from fifteen to thirty miles along the bay in the summer to find it. Then sawing it was a constant winter chore.

At Nome the temperature in winter ranges from above freezing to around thirty-five degrees below zero. At Teller the temperature goes somewhat lower, forty below zero being quite common for a week or two at a time. During

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the great influenza epidemic of 1918 I recall that the thermometer reached fifty-six below at Teller. These temperatures were often accompanied by a moist raw wind from the Arctic Ocean sweeping over the broken ice and water of Bering Strait. Inland only twenty miles there would be no wind, but when it was forty below at Teller it was often seventy below at Gold Run. In weather of this kind even the dogs freeze their lungs and cannot be used. Most intelligent people stay indoors unless it is absolutely necessary to go outside. In summer at Nome the range is from forty-five above to about seventy-five above. On rare occasions the temperature reaches the eighties. But in summer the days are incredibly long and the sun shines steadily so that one cannot cool off at night. It is so light that one can read a book all night.

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The main contribution of the war to the development of this part of Alaska has been an intensification in the use of the airplane. Otherwise, the pattern of life in little towns such as Teller has changed but little. The radio is a wonderful boon to the isolated hamlets of northern Alaska. But making a living is still much the same problem as it was in the past. An occasional promoter still brings an occasional "sucker" to Teller to attempt to sell him a salted gold mine, and there is always talk of some big company opening up one of the great mineral reserves in this region of Alaska. There is a large tin mine at York, only thirty miles away that could be reopened easily and there are mountains of copper available if one will only build some twenty or thirty miles of road through the wilderness. There is still the summer influx of big-time miners from the States passing through to their properties in the interior and still an occasional placer miner making a living of a sort on his own claim. The reindeer of the big company were purchased at a heavy price by the Government and turned back to the Eskimos. As the supply of fox declines the reindeer become more and more the chief support of the Eskimos. The war with its high wages has hastened the "civilizing" of the Eskimos, however, and many are now discontented with their old ways of life. Yet there is little for them to do for a living except to return to the ways of their ancestors. Most of my old friends and playmates among them are dead, for the majority of the Eskimos and half-breeds are cursed with the white man's disease, tuberculosis.

What chance is there for the ambitious veteran in this wild, sparsely-settled but quite tightly-closed economy? My own opinion is that a man would be a fool to risk his savings in any sort of a venture in northern Alaska without first serving some sort of an apprenticeship in that region, perhaps as summer employee of one of the mining companies with headquarters in Seattle, or perhaps on a government job as a teacher, a Bureau of Education man, or with the Geodetic Survey. To go to this portion of Alaska as a prospector is a pure gamble. There are creeks in which man has never set foot and conceivably gold can be found, but the easily accessible places have been searched over and over again.

Apart from mining or a government job it is difficult to see what a newcomer could do for a living. Fishing commercially has been largely ruined by the big companies farther south. The ice leaves the Bay at Teller around the end of June and returns at the opening of October. The season is too short to grow anything except a few vegetables in a small garden and these are often under glass. Nome and the satellite villages already have more stores than they need and a newcomer would have a hard time competing with established merchants whose customers are also often their friends.

Perhaps I can conclude this brief survey with a modest success story in my own family, the story of a young man who was one of the small army of summer immigrants who come in the spring work for one of the mining companies, and then return to the States in the fall. Instead of returning to the States one year he staked a claim of his own some thirty miles from Teller and worked it in the early spring and late fall when the big mine was not operating. After some six years of effort he has now begun to take out a respectable amount of gold.

He married my sister, the only white girl in Teller, and built a little home on the spit facing the Bay, taking a patent on an acre of land, getting it for nothing from the Government. He has no mortgage to worry about, of course, since he paid cash for his lumber and did the actual building himself. He bought a used bull-dozer from surplus engineer property and makes excellent money when hiring out to service the local air strip or work on the road to Gold Run. This winter he is making two dollars an hour in Nome as a carpenter, helping to repair the damage caused by the great storm. He and my sister have four fine children and are happy in their independence. But then my sister is an Alaskan and loves her native land passionately. I question whether the average American girl would really enjoy living under the conditions I have described. Remember there are no movies, no doctor, no dance halls, no tap rooms, nothing but one's family and the society of a few friends. Nome, to be sure, has some of these things. The one movie house, the old Dream Theatre still stands, where I saw the "Birth of a Nation," and

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thrilled to the adventures of Pearl White and the wiles of Theda Bara. And Nome has always had an intense social life, many fraternal societies, winter dances and parties, and saloons. But if one lives outside of Nome it is necessary to cultivate a love of reading, card-playing, and conversation with oneself, if one is alone on a Creek or with one's neighbors in towns such as Teller.

As the boy editor of the "Northernmost Newspaper in the World," the somewhat erroneous sub-title I gave my sheet, I prophesied great things for Teller and for northern Alaska. Teller still has the only decent harbor in all that portion of Alaska. But now I am less optimistic, for the facts I have outlined above indicate that this portion of Alaska will never be able to support a large population. Food will always have to be imported from the States, because the water route is cheaper than any future land route from south or central Alaska. It would seem that the land is doomed to remain primarily a frontier community, inhabited by hardy souls cherishing a precarious independence more than physical comfort, and beguiled by a curious atmosphere that eventually pervades one's whole existence and makes one unhappy at the thought of living anywhere else.

The Stage & Screen

All My Sons

ARTHUR MILLER has attempted and delivered a tragedy: time—now; place—a suburban backyard in an American town. The fable is fairly skilfully worked. The progress of a sunny Sunday morning, in what appears to be an ideally adjusted family scene, shifts and coils and recoils throughout three acts to expose a mesh of guilts and suspicions until finally a primary crime is bared and the dénouement occurs. As the story runs, we learn that the household had lately been engaged in a defense-factory scandal involving defective cylinder-heads for airplanes, through which a number of American airmen lost their lives; that the father of the family (owner of the factory) had been exonerated in the affair, although his partner and recent next-door neighbor is still serving time in prison for it; that one of his sons, a pilot, is still officially reported missing by the War Department; and that the second son is now devotedly in love with, and anxious to marry, his brother's former fiancé, who is, at the same time, the daughter of the jailed man. A number of neighbors, the girl's brother, even (reluctantly) the girl herself, plus the honest curiosity of the son and the neurotic fears and hesitations of his parents, *plus,* I am sorry to say, a sudden letter—all serve gradually to force the father's confession and accomplish the end. However, if Mr. Miller's plot seems (and is) difficult to synopsize, his theme is not. In a morally anarchical world, what

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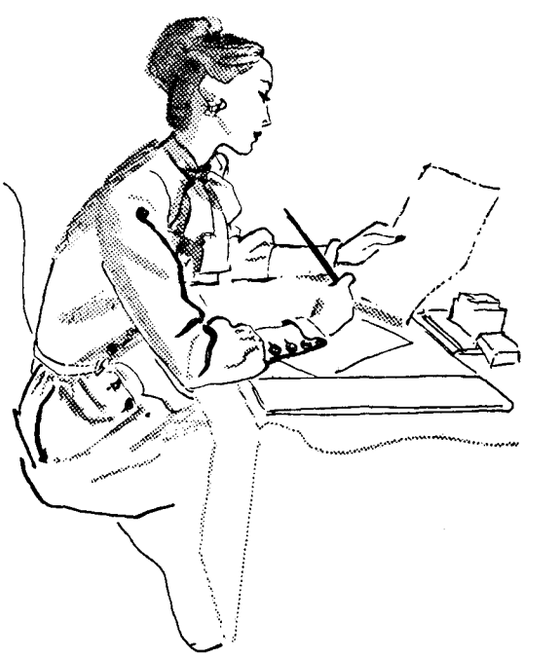

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order is one to follow? Here is a man defending the basest of human actions out of love for his family; and accused by another man (his son), whose entire conception of honor—and I do not read this prejudicially—is delivered in terms of an Eagle Scout. Throughout, the only thing wholly shared by the protagonists of this play is fear and guilt, and, of course, sprawling conceptions of the notion of happiness. But the play is good because it does solve itself. If what is thrown in our laps at the final curtain, in spite of the resolution of all interior action, is questions rather than answers, this will be because these are the big inescapable questions and their statement and reiteration in terms of theater is the current point. Mr. Miller has dared and done.

I do feel there are a number of quibbles which cannot be ignored. In many instances the language appeared to me to have a familiar, literary-sentimental (Odets?) spring, rather than being grounded in the chosen locale. And the climax of the piece—that moment where the parents first falter in their combined lie—is not precisely psychologically inept, but more, ill written and certainly over-directed. Again, I missed what motivation there may have been for the return of the girl's brother to the scene of his family's disgrace. And to complete a carping list, Paul Morrison's dresses, particularly the case of the ingenue, are impossible—distracting and tasteless. Otherwise, Elia Kazan's staging, in the recognizably inching Group manner, works very well for the serious script, and is admirably supported by the players. I would call Beth Merrill's handling of the neurotic, hysterical Mother the season's achievement so far. And the rest, Ed Begley's Father; Arthur Kennedy's Son; Lois Wheeler's Girl, and especially Karl Malden's Brother, are all in line. This is a grave, wholly absorbing, inevitable play. (*At the Coronet.*)

Finian's Rainbow

BY THIS DATE, rumor must surely have got about that the season's best musical is an odd combination of Irish spin-dream and acute political satire, set in a state called "Missitucky" in the American south. An unfortunate (my fault) ticket-mix prevented my covering the occasion before, but it is nice to be able to report that rumor has nailed it for once, so that if you can manage to get seats for the late summer, I think you will still have fun. E. Y. Harburg's and Fred Saidy's book maintains a sharp balance between magic and the year 1947. It is true their legend of that intrepid Ancient, Finian McLonergan, whose planting of a pot-of-gold just as near to Fort Knox as possible, rears not only one Leprechaun but a vast mess of racial prejudice, is done to trite music by Burton Lane. And that a good many of their pictorial effects seemed lifted directly from "On the Town." Nevertheless, many of Mr. Harburg's lyrics seemed to me delightful, Michael Kidd's dances inherent and splendidly delivered, and all of the playing and parody fine. David Wayne's impertinent Leprechaun, Albert Sharpe's lovable Finian, Anita Alvarez's voiceless, dancing Susan, add up to something special. And if Ella Logan as Finian's daughter, still manages to make every song sound like "Loch Lomond," that fits, too. My choice of high spots will be the pointed grotesquerie of the scene at the Southern Senator's estate, the "Shears and Robust" fashion parade, and each and all of Mr. Wayne's little jigs. In common with "Call Me Mister," the assumption behind this show is that even a Broadway audience is *alive,* as well as achingly credulous. Score: all hit, no errors. (*At the Forty-Sixth Street.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

It's *Good* for You

PRACTICALLY every film has some sort of propaganda in it. During the war we saw many pictures that attempted to influence our attitudes on various subjects, but even in more normal times (what, indeed, are normal times?) movies play a part in selling us on a way of life—on customs, modes and also on one side or the other of controversial matters. Perhaps an hilarious comedy or an escapist "western" will subtly soften our disposition toward a disputed theme. This week two new pictures that make no bones about disguising their obvious propagandistic lines are worthy of our attention.

"The Devil On Wheels" is less likely to appeal to adults than to young folk, and perhaps that's the way it should be—for this film (made by Producers Releasing Corporation) is actually a dramatized lecture on safe driving. Its script by Crane Wilbur, who also directed, gets rather pedantic at times, but it has enough jive talk and suspense to interest young audiences. Cards are definitely stacked against Micky, the 16-year-old leading character, played by Darryl Hickman with enough sincerity to make the rôle plausible. Micky disobeys his father by driving a hopped-up jalopy and becomes involved with the police; but later he gets into much worse trouble as a hit-and-run driver in an accident that leads to tragedy. The main theme is blurred somewhat by side issues and the crowding of coincidence, but the picture pulls no punches. When Micky's father (Damian O'Flynn) admits in the court that he should share his son's guilt, the judge tells him off in no uncertain terms —but adds that it is the boy who is the criminal according to the law. Parents who see this film will no doubt squirm. Of course people (including reckless drivers of any age) cannot be forced to attend a movie—even one that the National Safety Council has commended.

Because it is so successful as entertainment, the ten-minute short called *"Brotherhood of Man"* is more effective as propaganda. This animated cartoon, directed by Robert Cannon, is a delight to watch; and even if you didn't believe in a single one of its ideas, you'd get pleasure out of its artistry and gay sense of humor. But chances are that you will also be pleased with what this picture has to say. Based on a pamphlet, "Races of Mankind," by Ruth Benedict and Gene Weltfish, this thoughtful short makes a plea for tolerance and understanding, because the world is getting smaller and one of these days we, like the central figure of this little story, are going to wake up and find far-off people and places right in our own back yard. And we're also going to discover, if we don't know it already, that underneath their white or black or yellow skins, people are very much alike.

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Furthermore all peoples contributed something to civilization, and if they were given equal opportunities now, people could develop equally regardless of color.

One objection to this short is that it attempts to cover too much in a single reel. The thesis that head size has little to do with differences in intelligence may startle you so much that you are not prepared for the film's next interesting fact. However, the animators have illustrated the script's points with such unusual imagination that even Walt Disney will admit competition when he sees this short's charming drawings. Released by the Film Alliance of America, Inc., "Brotherhood of Man" wins a note of thanks to the United Auto Workers of the CIO who sponsored the picture as a contribution to the American public. I understand that prints are obtainable at low rates for clubs and classrooms. "Brotherhood of Man" will supply plenty of fuel for groups who want heated discussion. It will also give a lot of fun to students—even those who aren't aware of the fact that they are being educated. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

Boxed in a Portal-to-Portal Suit

THE DECISION of US Steel and the United Steel-workers, CIO, to extend their contract for two and a half months, until April 30, is a very revealing little decision. It reveals the fact that in this winter of 1947 neither labor nor capital is in a mood for strikes. It also reveals how thoroughly the CIO has boxed itself in with its campaign of fantastically large portal-to-portal suits. These suits have given the employers a perfect talking point in resisting wage increases. "Obviously," they say, "until the courts decide how many millions we owe in retroactive pay, we can't very well talk about anything else."

And of course meanwhile they wait for that nice new Republican Congress to come riding to the rescue. A rescue, incidentally, which perhaps deserves to be made. As Father Clancy has pointed out in *The Wage Earner* and Syntax in *The Labor Leader,* many of these suits are of somewhat doubtful morality. The AFL, too, whose leaders always sound so moral when they are discussing anything connected with the CIO, has been frowning lately on portal suits. John Frey, head of the Federation's metal trades department, in reporting the recommendations of the executive council of that body, makes the point that existing agreements "must not be dishonored by now entering into legal suits to secure a form of wages which were not provided for when the existing agreements were negotiated."

Frey does admit, however, that there is no reason why portal-to-portal agreements cannot be included in new contracts. It is difficult indeed to see a good reason why not. The most powerful reason is that it will cost the bosses more money.

Brother Frey would never, never admit it, but the CIO should be given some credit for focusing the spotlight of national publicity on the question, "When does a man start the day's work?" If you are going to insist that he starts only when he first begins to get his hands dirty then you are going to find that a lot of people don't ac-

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tually start until they have been on the job for several hours. Some may never start at all.

What about white collar workers? Are they on the job when they first enter the office or when they file the first invoice and hit the first typewriter key? The impression in this corner is that their working clock begins running when they arrive on the premises. If that is so for a white collar, why shouldn't it be so for a dirty collar? Is this a democracy or isn't it?

The history of industrialism shows that employers have established those methods and traditions of payment that have cost them the least money and at the same time been practical to operate. Piece work was for years the big favorite. Most unions are dead set against it, and with good reason. If ever there was a brutal, grinding system of payment, it is the straight piece-work system. Always, always there is that gnawing anxiety in a man's mind that "time is money," that the slightest pause to catch one's breath must be paid for. It is a method, too, that is based upon the most gross, materialistic concept of man and work. Labor is a commodity and every man is out for himself alone.

In recent years the piece-work idea has been yielding to the time idea. It has been yielding, too, to the idea that labor is not a commodity, that there is such a thing as a natural right to a minimum living wage, even for the least productive. Or let us say that the old ideas have been coming back. And now, if the Republican Congress doesn't reverse the trend, perhaps we shall make the final break from the piece-work philosophy and arrive at the principle that a man's working time starts when he first gets onto the employer's property and in a certain real sense ceases to be his own master.

There remains, of course, the problem of productivity, the problem of incentive. And to use a paradox, that will never be really solved until the worker, arriving on the job, in a certain real sense remains his own master. By which is meant, of course, plans to share management, share profits, share ownership.

Meanwhile, John L. Lewis, who lost the opportunity to spearhead "the second round" when he took on the US government once too often, now seems to have regained it on a polite hand-over from Phil Murray. John has an advantage too in that he has already won portal-to-portal. But then travel time in a mine is so much more dramatic than travel time in a bedspring factory.

JOHN C. CORT.

Beleaguered Spain

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

WHEN ANYONE of note has raised an iron curtain and revealed in some detail what lies beyond, politically-minded observers delve deep to find items to substantiate their attitudes. That goes for Spain as well as Jugoslavia. And hence for some reason, which my own careful reading failed to disclose, Franco supporters in this country seized upon Carlton Hayes's recent account of his accomplished mission as a source-book backing up their extreme claims of Franco virtue. Even more pronounced is the reaction in the opposing camp to the personal account of the British wartime minister in Madrid, Sir Samuel Hoare.*

*Complacent Dictator. Sir Samuel Hoare. Knopf. $3.50.

A number of the first reviews of this lively volume of memoirs actually started out with rounded apostrophes to that ambassador's conservatism, recalling his ancient lineage, his family's prominence and a career in world politics which included the drafting of the Hoare-Laval pact (which would have allowed Mussolini so much leeway in Ethiopia). Frequently the opening punch was to make this stateman's conservatism—if not reactionary character—overwhelming; then to show how little he thought of Franco all the same.

The point has some relevance, but it seems more interesting to me to examine the evidence which he adduces in his quiet, straightforward manner as to the situation of the Spanish Church. The impression is that Allison Peers, another non-Catholic Englishman who loves Spain and the Church—and is indeed perhaps the greatest contemporary authority on Spanish mysticism—has inclinations in the Franco direction. And the English Catholic papers and the American Catholic press, generally, are still fighting the Civil War, standing obstinately under Franco's standard regardless of the accumulating evidence. The real question: is the cause of Franco identical with the cause of the Church in Spain?

A few excerpts indicate what the author thinks:

> The more ancient and historic See of Taragona was also virtually vacant. Franco, although outwardly so devout a Catholic, refused to allow the Cardinal Archbishop to return to his diocese on the ground that he was a Red. What a significant commentary on the Caudillo's relations with the Vatican! The See of Barcelona left vacant for years owing to his quarrel with the Pope over the nomination of bishops, and a prince of the Church refused entry into his own diocese, the second in precedence amongst Spanish Sees, because Franco did not approve his moderating influence during the Civil war! . . .

> Benedictine monasteries have a peculiar charm of their own. The spirit of Saint Benedict's rule, one of the wisest codes ever composed by man, inspires, illumines and humanizes the whole life of the community. Nothing short of the best is thought worthy of their wise and far-seeing founder. The most learned students are found in their ranks, the best plain song in their chapels, the finest collection of books in their libraries. I already knew the Abbot [of Montserrat] and had promised to give the library . . . and up-to-date English encyclopedia. . . . A long talk with the monks showed how unbridgeable was the gulf between Saint Benedict's rule and Hitler's new order. Himmler, who had recently visited the monastery, had made the worst possible impression. . . . It was no doubt the contrast between his and my reception that excited the Spanish police against the community. The unfortunate Abbot was ordered to Barcelona where he was closely interrogated about my activities. [This in 1942.]

> Yet when every allowance was made, the leaders of the church would have been wise, to put it no higher, to have shown more openly their opposition to totalitarian methods. When one of them, like the Bishop of Calahorra, spoke out boldly against the doctrines of the Axis, his words were acclaimed from one end of Spain to the other. When Cardinal Segura refused to allow the Cathedral of Seville to be desecrated by Falange notices, he was applauded as the successor of Saint Ambrose. . . .

> For months on end . . . the *Osservatore Romano*, the very well-informed and balanced journal of the Vatican, was rigorously suppressed by Franco's so-called Catholic administration.

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Of course this is only one side of the current State-Church question in beleaguered Spain. Many other incidents of a contrasting complexion would have to be presented to make the picture complete. But there is sufficient in these excerpts to give the lie to those who would make a person's attitude toward the Spanish dictator a test of religious orthodoxy in any country.

Sir Samuel's mission was specifically to keep Spain from going into the war on the side of the Axis Powers and consequently the main emphasis in his book is strictly political—on Franco's ties with Hitler and Mussolini, on Franco's plans to enter the war (texts of his promises to both dictators to do just that are printed in the appendix) and on increasingly successful British pressure to cut down Franco's assistance to the Axis. The record is plentiful, definite, unmistakable.

As has been indicated by the excerpts from his book, the British ambassador is an extremely cultivated person. And in the course of his arduous mission he has many delightful travels, encounters and friendships to report. "Complacent Dictator" combines pertinent information on political warfare with a wealth of charming personal reminiscence. It is not necessary to be interested in Franco to enjoy it.

Sonority of Success

WARREN RAMSEY

ONLY TWO of the fifteen short stories collected in "The Last Circle"* would add to a writer's reputation, and some of them detract dismally. There are tales falsified toward the end—"The Bishop's Beggar"; at various points in their progress—"The Land Where There Is No Death"; and before they were ever begun—"Good Picker," "Famous." Hardly any story is short enough, by which we mean that hardly any story is completed. On the other hand, "As It Was in the Beginning" is remarkable work, and "The Three Fates" is almost as good. The contrast is sharp and presents the main problem. Benét, whose narrative talent was superior to that of many serious writers, was not a serious writer. This volume of remains is faithful to his whole performance.

"William Riley and the Fates" contrives to make one sorry, for a time, that Benét's very real talent for telling a fairy story ever existed. It begins with a lad working on the county paper and dreaming, as so many of Benét's characters habitually dream, about Success, editorial in this instance. It breezes out to the town picnic grounds, where a mysterious organization called The Sons and Daughters of Destiny is celebrating a shindig. There is a characteristic, dexterous bit of sliding one thing into another thing's place, and young William sees the future run-off on such a propaganda reel as Stephen Benét was helping fabricate (and feeling somewhat uneasy about: see "The Prodigal Children" in this same book) after 1940. Bill has also met a girl, or maybe two girls. It is a curious cocktail. So is "The Angel Was A Yankee," in which a little strutting on the part of P. T. Barnum is never reconciled with a theme never fairly and firmly established in the author's mind.

And yet, out of these misadventures in folk narratives, arise the fine and savant lines of the last story Benét ever wrote, "As It Was In the Beginning." A reversion to the primitive, it differs from the retrogressions of Vardis Fisher, for example, in that it is the work of a man who, despite his carelessness, had a mind and a heart and may have suspected that he had a soul. We do not soon forget Marco, the leader with a dream in him, or Char, the leader for whom all men and affairs made up a game, or this whole history of a people who looked for freedom beyond the mountains. The philosophical lesson bears re-pointing in this setting, in this absolutely appropriate prose of a writer whose versatility permitted several manners.

The story in which everything is simplified and prone to change, the folk story, is no doubt generally regarded as Benét's special genre. But that is a rather humble order of narrative, though the capacity for it is certainly something inborn. Benét will be remembered, I think, for something else, and that is the story told as it were orally about unsimplified daily living; a vein in which he achieves directness if not compactness. "Too Early Spring," in which a high school basketball player speaks of love in his own idiom, is a notable and tender story. "The Three Fates," in the present volume, is also substantial. There is no music in this record of a boy-person growing up in an American family-institution, finding himself through the love, which he does not return, of a reader of Hollywood Romances; because there is no music in so much of the American life which Benét here represents with discernment and plain, clear language. Obviously Benét's kind of conversational narrative has its defects. It is monotonously in the first person, even in "The Three Fates," where the first person at the beginning has nothing to do with later developments. The device of the first person, permitting, as Henry James said, "variety, and many other queer matters as well" to be "smuggled in by a back door," is an evidence of Benét's garrulousness. He has an instinct for omission in the course of the narrative, but he never seems to know after what number of pages it would be advisable to stop. Thus the old lady of "This Bright Dream" goes on far too long about pioneer times and since. And "Too Early Spring" as it appeared condensed in the *Reader's Digest* of October, 1943, is a better story than "Too Early Spring" in Benét's "Selected Works."

But Stephen Vincent Benét could have written an interesting story about a meeting of the Parent-Teacher's Association, and that is why we would be foolish to fail to distinguish what is genuine in his work. His understanding of the people permitted him, on occasion, to write just as they talk and think just as they think and tell their stories without the slightest exaggeration of language or event. He had, besides, a sense of the written phrase and period. Understanding, power for identification of himself with his people, feeling for style—these are qualities which our lumbering local Joyceans and semi-articulate behaviorists do not possess. It would seem, then, that Benét should have left more than a novel, "James Shore's Daughter," which begins well and crumbles at the middle, and half a dozen short stories. What was the trouble? What were his preoccupations?

Success sounded two ways in Benét's work. First, in the cultivation of so much merchandise that even in the midst of his good work we are haunted by the rustle of

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The Last Circle. Stephen Vincent Benét. Farrar, Straus. $3.00.

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large, slick sheets of paper. Of course, we are here brought close to the question of how a writer is to live as a writer. But we have presumed to think of Benét, for certain potentialities and a few pieces, in company with those who have been prepared to pay more for their work than they could ever be paid. We must admit that in such company Benét's motives seem mean and his achievements heavily compromised. And since the popular magazine story is not in the long run the most profitable, it appears that even on this plane Benét chose hastily. *"En voulant moins,"* as Balzac says of Monsieur Durand de Chessel in "Le lys dans la vallée," *"peut-être aurait-il obtenu davantage."*

The note of Success is struck deep within Benét's writing. I have read "James Shore's Daughter" more than once, and cannot escape the wistfulness after the great men who first gutted and denuded the hills. Later men are little beside James Shore. But his daughter—"that nature which should have been possessed by splendor and greatness and had only found men like Charles Morton and myself"—retains the empire-maker's virtue. We remember such a description as this, the only description given, of the son of a secondary character: "The face with the strong mouth had the look of success." Something is preeminent for Benét which in Balzac's men of affairs comes in a different place—in such a place that we are allowed to see the men. Reading "A Death in the Country," in Benét's "Selected Works," we know very well that it is a fine thing for Tom Carroll to have been able to pull Jerry Pye out of the mud-hole twice that Aunt Louise knows of, and that it is a disgraceful thing for Jerry Pye always to have failed, and to be such a bumbler. So we never feel the death nor see the people in the country as Turgenev made us feel and see them, because these people are judged in advance for circumstances that have nothing to do with their humanity. Finally, in "The Last Circle," the ideas of "Famous" are exactly worthy of its personage, a popular song writer. "Good Picker" is very bold, being in part a reversal of the Horatio Alger development, the story of a boy about whom it was said, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," but who could point the way for others. The engineer remarks, just before the failure turns up for the last time, as a garageman: "We [the engineer and actress] were successes and I'm afraid we knew it."

All this is highly American, in a sense. It is like something we once heard about the social irresponsibility of Thoreau. It is so American that some of Benét's writings may well be studied as documents toward American anti-cultural history; even though the point of view does much to limit their place in American literary history.

Books of the Week

Hubert Howe Bancroft, Historian of the West. John Walton Caughey. California. $5.00.

HUBERT BANCROFT (1832-1918) was an early California emigrant, bookseller, publisher, printer, collector of a library of 60,000 volumes, author, promoter and editor of 60 books and monographs dealing with the Pacific Coast area from Panama to Alaska. He wrote glowingly of his personal exploits in memoirs and literary memories, yet, despite his high powered salesmanship and his lack of humility, he underestimated his unbelievable, assembly-line literary production as seen from a modern interpretive perspective. Not until this year of grace did Hubert Bancroft acquire a biographer.

In his unofficial biographer, Bancroft was in his usual luck, for Doctor Caughey is a trained and professional historian, a native son, a writer of sound books on the Far West, and a patient man who could turn over the limitless pages of Bancroft's force of writers, researchers, and copyists of whom there were generally some 50 on his payroll in a total of 600 who labored at some time on the project. The author is candid, critical, and sympathetic. He exhibits Bancroft in the flesh, somewhat stripped of glamor and not without the famous wart which Oliver Cromwell would retain on his painted likeness. Bancroft did have blemishes, as the underpaid staff of his sweatshop knew very well. He paid them as he did a clerk in his book-shop and he took over their creative results in much the same fashion with little thought of bylines.

Possibly Doctor Caughey overwrites the top staff. In general, they were historically untrained persons of all sorts of backgrounds, nationalities, education, and viewpoints. Like Bancroft during most of his life, the chief assistant was inclined toward agnosticism. Yet he edited the Presbyterian *Occident* and had managed a Methodist school though he disliked conducting prayers. Bancroft's trusted agent in obtaining materials and interviews was a lovable Italian who voided his troubles and debts by suicide. Bancroft grieved more perhaps than his enemy Leland Stanford would if a cave-in buried some railroad navvies. There was Frances Victor who should have had far more credit than the shop permitted. While Bancroft experimented and failed again and again, with costly indices and note systems, he and his staff did put into print an exhaustive resumé of the contents of his tremendous collection of books, manuscripts, excerpts of records of every description, and notes based upon the memories of old settlers, Indians, missionaries, miners and vigilantes into 33 thick volumes covering the native races, Mexico, the Southwest, the coast and mountain states, British Columbia and Alaska. These volumes are still the starting point for researches in this field. At all times the biographer suggests recent studies for the serious student—studies, however, which supplement rather than supplant Bancroft's compilation. In addition, Bancroft's house published innumerable books on the West by other enterprisers.

Bancroft startled gentle scholars by his reprehensible conduct in procuring favorable reviews and personal commendations from notables for his initial "Native Races." He did not hesitate to furnish laudatory notices or peddle his own volumes. He sent forth agents in every direction to sell his books on the installment plan and take orders for future deliveries before the seed was planted. His agents committed frauds but they sold so many sets of Bancroft that they are conveniently available for reference in any sizable library.

Without compunction, Bancroft would revise his scholarship in the face of group or family pressure. He would appease a prospective customer. Nor did he hesitate in his "Chronicles of the Builders" to glorify a magnate who subscribed generously to this subsidized project. After all if Governor Downey wanted a gentle origin and a castle in Ireland why not give it to him at reasonable rates? Space was sold. And sometimes, men were de-

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hydrated. The "Chronicles" brought the sharpest criticism of all Bancroft's printed ventures, but yet they are highly valuable if used with critical caution.

The Bancroft productions evidence the weaknesses of their promoter. He worshipped material success. He had the capitalistic attitude of a rugged individualist who was satisfied with his own success. He stressed the earlier more romantic period. He was kind to the Franciscans even though suspected and accused of an anti-Spanish and anti-Catholic bias. He was for and against the railroad promoters. He sided with the vigilantes as he apologized for Lynch law. He was not favorable to the Irish or to labor. He lacked a definite philosophy in living and in writing. He was dogmatic, subjective, and unpredictable. All workers were dominated by his colored views. Sensitive in his feigned arrogance, he ascribed criticism—and he aroused sharp condemnations—to disgruntled employees and to jealous historians of pedestrian schools and of unproductive scholarship.

His histories done and sold, Bancroft was determined to perpetuate his library in the interest of his state. After lengthy negotiations, he sold his collection, at a reasonable figure, to the University of California. Under the unforgettable Morse Stephens, Herbert Bolton, Herbert Priestley and Charles Chapman, the library has become the focus for Latin-American and far western studies in this country. Bancroft was a builder. His vision and his contribution have condemned his forgotten detractors and made current scholars less condemnatory of his wicked weaknesses. RICHARD J. PURCELL.

The Unexpected Warrior. Eric Hatch. Rinehart. $2.00.

THIS is the fifteenth time Mr. Hatch has run off something along these lines, so his regular readers can be expected to know, without any outside help, just how and on what prose level he carries on. The following summary of his latest work is included for the benefit of possible new friends.

As the result of some official confusion about names, a mild fellow named Harvey Simmons, husband of a famous, domineering actress, is summoned to war service and dispatched to England. Before leaving, however, he manages to fall in love with an understanding Red Cross girl who, it seems, is also on her way overseas. Harvey and his new friend meet in England, where they fall in love harder than ever. Both of them move on with the course of the war and, during a lull in the battle, they manage another reunion in France. Harvey, always a quiet fellow at home, accommodates himself brilliantly to combat, but he is finally done in by battle fatigue and is sent to Paris for rest and reassignment. Right. Only during the Paris reunion Harvey's wife shows up on a USO mission, but by that time she, too, is in love with somebody else, and the activity ends on the light romantic note that Mr. Hatch's publishers say he is famous for. 241 pages. JOHN BRODERICK.

Collected Poems. Theodore Maynard. Macmillan. $3.50.

THEODORE MAYNARD has a large number of good prose books to his credit, and he has succeeded in the almost unbelievable feat of raising seven children on (or is it with?) his pen. But, although he is as comfortable in his prose livery as ever was the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme,* he is quite obviously a poet by nature, a writer by profession. His collected verse is prefaced with

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a rather patronizing note by Alfred Noyes who makes, however, the good point that, at his best, Mr. Maynard's "quiet music . . . implies and illustrates a wide range of philosophic thought." Mr. Maynard also has that confidently intimate approach to God which is best illustrated by Saint Teresa's scolding Him when she was thrown from her donkey: "No wonder You have so few friends, since You treat them so badly." Beware of caution, Mr. Maynard says

> Snug in his rock-bound grave, the toad
> Lives out his thousand dismal years
> But you—with God for goal and goad
> Wing upward, featured by the load
> Of desperate hopes and fears

and again, comparing himself to the one in the Gospel who said "I go not" and went, he tells God that only He knows "how hard the rock I wrung, the breast I tore."

He is wonderfully intimate with death. Hardly any poem but is aware of "death beauteous death," yet he is as wholly humanly terrified as he is completely, divinely confident, as in "Candles" for example, or in "The Old Nun" who

> waits for her end: the happy night
> When she will hear the singing round her bed
> Of *Salve* as the darkening room grows bright
> And she goes forth, the youngest of the dead

or "The Fear," when he asks his love's pardon that he dreamed she was dying and wept

> Therefore bestow my pardon now
> Lest grief should prove a rod
> To hurt you when you go from me
> Glad else, to God.

or, best of all, in "Houses" where

> when the lamps are lit at dusk
> When one by one the windows gleam with light.
> It is as if a body lying dead
> Awoke with awful wisdom in its eyes
> And innocence and grave astonishment.

The human being grows like its surroundings—so pampered women resemble their Pekinese and in a good nurse's face her children are reflected. Through Mr. Maynard's poems glow the warm truths, are heard the angel voices, with which, and with whom, he is obviously familiar.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Japan: Past and Present. Edwin O. Reischauer. Knopf. $2.00.

THE HISTORY of Japan, in Edwin O. Reischauer's book, is remarkably clear and logical. It is a genuinely pleasing book to read, especially written for those of us who are ignorant of the past and present of Japan: it is only 200 pages long; the sentences and paragraphs and chapters are in good style, simple and straightforward; eleven good maps illustrate the text; leading ideas are carefully called to the reader's attention. One is interested while reading, and then pleased with oneself for learning much that is worthwhile—now, indeed, almost obligatory for a citizen of the Occupying Power.

It is possible that Mr. Reischauer is a bit too brief and too clear. After reading easily and with confidence and pleasurable comprehension the earlier chapters, one may find a bit further on (or I did anyway) that the earlier material did not stick in the memory securely. Also, it seems quite probable that there are more questions of interpretation connected with Japanese history than the unpolemical declarative manner of the author indicates. He does, it seems sure, give the thought of the most mature and knowledgeable school—in the Western and broadly scientific sense—of historians of the Japanese Empire.

But by even this cool and non-exotic account, how altogether astounding a land and people the Japanese are! It is not easy to settle on the ground reasons for the powerful impression which they must make upon a western observer. Mr. Reischauer points to the principal governing factors of geography and economics and history in the succession of events. The newcomer is led to believe that one fundamental fascination of Japanese history is the probability that no other community has ever so deliberately and continuingly moulded its own history according to conscious and rational choice of the social will. And now is the time of the greatest choice.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

The Story of Jesus in the World's Literature. Edited by Edward Wagenknecht. Illustrated by Fritz Kredel. Creative Age. $5.00.

THE ENORMOUS range of selection from childlike, believing saints to John Haynes Holmes's effort to psychoanalyze Our Lady, and Sarah N. Clegborn's poem on "Comrade Jesus" (for, not agin) gives this book tremendous interest. All these man-made word images of Jesus, some sublime, some awful, some silly, are efforts to "assimilate" the experience or to escape it. The book is as complete as can be expected and dignified in its make-up and over-all style. I would not recommend it as a reader for the faithful. After all, it might detract from Christ's historicity, from the majestic simplicity of the Gospels and the validity of the object of faith. Bishop Spalding said somewhere that a dying faith like the setting sun clothes itself in all the brilliance of color, and Lunarcharski, the Soviet commissar of culture under Lenin, wrote that religions are beautiful when they are dead. I fear that an age that produces anthologies on the Son of God in which legend and rationalistic explanations, poetry and social satire mix with believing reflections is not exactly an age of faith. Is it a good book? In the intention of the author, in his reverence, in his diligence, in his editorial care and in many of his devices it is a fine book. But only those to whom Jesus is an almost mythical figure, who think that his true human image was already overlaid with legend when he lived, can this book mean more than literary experience. It is interesting, at times touching. Therefore we cannot call it a failure.

H. A. REINHOLD.

Firebrand: The life of Dostoevsky. Henry Troyat. Roy. $3.75.

"WHAT an extraordinary people," Dostoevsky wrote on February 22, 1854. "I have not wasted my time. If I have not studied Russia, at least I know by heart the Russian people; very few know it as well as I do . . ." Some years after having written these lines Dostoevsky was reproached by a young physician for certain of his strangely mystical ideas on Russia's future. "Who has given you the right thus to speak in the name of the Russian people?" In reply Dostoevsky raised his trouser legs, showed the indelible mark of his chains and replied: "This gave me the right."

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Unquestionably his long exile in a Siberian penitentiary (1850-1854) qualified him as an authority on the Russian people. In fact, M. Troyat is not far wrong when he suggests that a triple miracle took place "in a fetid barracks in the heart of Siberia: discovery of the people, discovery of Russia, discovery of the Gospel." I think that it is safe to say that these three discoveries were to form the key to the whole structure of his masterpieces. When Dostoevsky returned to "civilian" life after four prison years and five years in enforced military service (exiled in Semipalatinsk) he exploited them to the full.

It is generally admitted, I believe, that Dostoevsky's men and women are not "real people" in the ordinary sense of the word. M. Troyat has a good reply to this rather frequent charge: the characters are true in a more profound sense, for "they are what we would have been if we were not subject to social rules and held in check by physical limitations and habits." The author writes: "It would be naïve to imagine that nineteenth-century Russia was populated by neurotics, epileptics and consumptives and that the Russian people recognized themselves in Dostoevsky's novels. On the contrary, both readers and critics declared 'Such people are not Russian.'" The burden of Troyat's explanation lies in his belief that Dostoevsky was forced to picture his characters as insane, consumptive, epileptic or hysterical "in order to give them plausibility in the eyes of his readers." Or again: "He makes his heroes speak and act as one speaks and acts only in the world of ideas. His characters are ideas that evolve in a framework of matter." All this is useful indeed to a reader approaching Dostoevsky for the first time.

Proceeding to the second and third of Dostoevsky's "discoveries," it might not be illogical to consider Russia and the Gospel as one problem—in Dostoevsky's mind they were unquestionably interwoven and he never really succeeded in relegating each to its own compartment. In so many of Dostoevsky's works the reader encounters what Troyat has elected to call "the Messianic character" of the Russian people. This theme crops up so frequently that one inevitably reaches the conclusion that for Dostoevsky Russia and Christianity were synonymous. For anyone even remotely acquainted with Russian literature of the past one hundred years, this rather nationalistic interpretation of a universal religion comes as no very startling revelation. (We see the same disease rampant today, if for the word Christianity we but substitute that of Communism.)

He did not claim that the true religion had been revealed only to Russia. By a rather devious and circuitous reasoning he came to believe that Christianity had been offered various other nations but that, during the course of centuries, only Russia had continued to follow "in God's path" and had thus remained worthy of a Messianic rôle. The reason Dostoevsky gave for this strange phenomenon was the same one that was often advanced by the Slavophils in their constant ideological warfare with the West—Russia had been untouched by Progress. He concluded that the Russian people would save not only Russia but the whole world. (How familiar is the ring!)

Coupled with Dostoevsky's idea of the beneficial absence of Progress however is a much more absorbing and, I think, more realistic interpretation of the Russian

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spiritual heritage. M. Troyat quotes his thought on this subject in the following phrases: "The Russian spirit, the genius of the Russian people, is perhaps more susceptible than that of any other people to the idea of universal union and brotherhood. . . . In the eyes of a true Russian, Europe, as the domain of the great Aryan tribe, is as precious as Russia herself. . . . The destination of the Russian is indisputably pan-European, universal . . ."

In order to derive the fullest benefit from a reading of the great "Firebrand," the "hospital muse," this "cruel talent," some sort of preview is indicated for most of us. M. Troyat's well-translated work is an excellent one.

GREGORY SMITH.

Masterworks of Autobiography. Edited by Richard D. Mallery. Doubleday. $4.00.

THIS fourth of Doubleday's Masterworks Series is a volume of guaranteed interest and of large importance. These are digests, it is true, which is, understood, deplorable; but the digesting is suavely accomplished, and all the excuses for digesting hold strongly when the originals are the following: Saint Augustine, Benvenuto Cellini, Pepys, Franklin, Rousseau, Goethe, Hans Christian Andersen, Newman, Tolstoy, Henry Adams.

The Quarry. Mildred Walker. Harcourt. $3.00.

A PLEASANT sort of family chronicle which covers the years between boyhood and old age of "Easy," an escaped Negro slave. The title refers to the Vermont sandstone quarry which supported the family who sheltered him. Although the racial question obtrudes occasionally, it is primarily the study of a frustrated love between first cousins. Miss Walker writes with ease.

READERS of THE COMMONWEAL *will learn with regret that* Philip Burnham, *one of the two Editors since the reorganization of the magazine nine years ago, has resigned in order to devote more time to straight writing and other projects. Mr. Burnham, however, will continue to serve the magazine as Corresponding Editor and will also continue as one of the Directors of the Commonweal Publishing Company.* John Broderick *is a newspaperman who served in the European theater in Air Corps Intelligence. During the past term, in which he has frequently contributed reviews and other comments to* THE COMMONWEAL, *Mr. Broderick has been teaching English at the University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind.* Anne Fremantle, *the magazine's most active reviewer and writer of articles, is at present working on a biography of Charles de Foucault.* Gregory Smith *served in the CIC in the North African and European theaters.*

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